

# OXFORD PRIZE POEMS:

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF SUCH

ENGLISH POEMS

AS HAVE

AT VARIOUS TIMES OBTAINED PRIZES

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

---

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MDCCCVII.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems were written in consequence of Prizes proposed to the Undergraduates of the University, for the best Compositions on their respective Subjects: the first three were given by the Chancellor of the University; the remainder by individuals, whose names have not been made public.

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THE  
CONQUEST OF QUEBEC:  
A PRIZE POEM,  
RECITED  
IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,  
IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVIII.

---

Ἐπίσασθε γὰρ δῆαυ ὅτι ἔτι πλεῖστές ἐσιν, ἔτι ἰσχυρὲς ἢ ἐν ταῖς πολέ-  
μασι νίκας ποιῦσα· ἀλλ' ὁπόσοι ἂν σὺν τοῖς Θεοῖς ταῖς ψυχαῖς  
ἡρώμενέστεροι ἴωσιν ἐπὶ ταῖς πολεμίαις. *Xenoph. Gry Exped. lib. iii.*



THE  
CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

---

FAREWELL ye Naiads who your tresses lave  
Where Isis rolls her unpolluted wave :  
Far off to regions unexplor'd I fly,  
To savage nations and a frozen sky ;  
Where the Laurentian stream his copious stores  
In whitening torrents to th' Atlantic pours ;  
Where never echo his steep banks along  
Heard the sweet accents of a Muse's song ;  
But shouts of barb'rous dissonance resound,  
And blood of warriors bathes the reeking ground.

Long time the bashful Muse, content to stray  
Where list'ning swains approv'd her simple lay,

#### 4 THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

By art untutor'd, and unknown to fame,  
Had learnt to warble only Delia's name ;  
Nor from her silent caves and grottos led  
Had dar'd the crimson fields of war to tread :  
New ardors now her throbbing breast invade ;  
For themes untried she quits the chequer'd shade ,  
Fierce transport bears her o'er th' embattled plain,  
And softer pleasures call her back in vain.  
So, from the toils of martial service freed,  
Thro' flow'ry meadows roves the warrior steed ;  
Now plunges in the river's crystal tide,  
To slake his thirst, or cool his glowing side ;  
Now on soft herbage rolls in wanton play,  
And lengthens out with ease th' inglorious day :  
But when the trumpet's piercing clangor sounds,  
He leaps indignant o'er opposing mounds,  
Untasted leaves the gushing rill behind,  
And flies to fame impetuous as the wind.



Where on a cliff QUEBEC's high tow'rs arise,  
Braving with warlike shew the neighb'ring skies,  
WOLFE all the various arts of combat tried,  
And pour'd his thunders on its rocky side :  
But though unshaken stand the solid walls,  
While ceaseless the resounding tempest falls,  
Victorious hopes his dauntless breast inspire,  
Nor danger can appal, nor labour tire ;  
Armies from him receive the gen'rous rage,  
And with new strength increasing toils engage ;  
Where through the ranks he turns his glowing eyes,  
Again th' expiring flames of battle rise.

Ere the still evening's dusky shades prevail'd,  
Far up the stream the crowded vessels sail'd ;  
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty plan,  
And martial fury spreads from man to man ;  
Till on her sable pinions night descends,  
And round the bands her friendly veil extends :

Then, swiftly borne by the retreating tide,  
 Unseen and silent o'er the waves they glide ;  
 And winding cautious near the hostile shore,  
 Its treach'rous shoals and op'ning creeks explore ;  
 Till safely the appointed strand they reach,  
 And spring tumultuous on the slipp'ry beach.

Where rising hills the western tow'rs inclose,  
 And weak of fabric the low bulwark rose ;  
 Where France had trusted no advent'rous foe  
 Could gain the mountain lab'ring from below ;  
 Planting his feet against its steepy side,  
 Foremost press'd Valour on with daring stride ;  
 Sage Conduct, Resolution void of fear,  
 And Perseverance clos'd th' unshaken rear.  
 Arduous they climb ; and where the dubious way  
 Perplex'd with brakes and twisting branches lay,  
 Through pathless wilds and unfrequented shades  
 Eager though slow advance the bold brigades ;

With ceaseless toil its craggy side ascend,  
And their thick phalanx o'er the plain extend.

Soon from th' Atlantic rose the golden day,  
Dispell'd the gloom, and roll'd the mists away ;  
To rising winds the red-cross banners stream,  
And the bright arms of thronging cohorts gleam.

The sons of Gaul, with horror in their eye,  
Through scatter'd fogs the sudden lustre spy ;  
These from their posts in wild confusion start ;  
These haste the fatal tidings to impart ;  
The savage bands awake their deathful yell,  
And the loud shout with hideous discord swell.

Yet, ere the legions to close combat ran,  
Some chosen warriors press'd before the van ;  
Where treach'rous shrubs protect the secret stand,  
In dreadful ambush lurk th' insidious band ;  
No vulgar deaths attend their fatal aim,  
But warrior chiefs, the fav'rite sons of fame.

WOLFE in the front of danger led the way,  
And with stern pleasure view'd the close array :  
On him their eyes the latent warriors bend,  
And leaden deaths in hissing show'rs descend ;  
His manly arm receives the grisly wound,  
And the red current streams upon the ground :  
Yet from his troops the prudent Chief conceal'd  
The gushing tide, and strode along the field.  
At length the battle, front to front oppos'd,  
In deeds of death and furious onset clos'd :  
Now echoing peals of mortal thunder roar,  
And pitchy volumes cloud the combat o'er ;  
Now bursting flames the waste of war display,  
And for a while recall the gleam of day.  
So when thick flashes of the northern light  
With fireamy sparkles gild the face of night,  
Sudden the blazing coruscations fly,  
Rise the bright hills, and meet th' astonish'd eye ;

Sudden the momentary prospects fade,  
And earth lies buried in surrounding shade.

Mean time fair Vict'ry o'er the crimson plains  
Hov'ring, her scale in equal poise sustains.  
Soon as to Albion's sons the goddess flew,  
The Gauls retire, the victor troops pursue ;  
In black despair recoils the fainting band,  
Sunk is each heart, and weaken'd ev'ry hand.  
But while the British Chief his troops led on  
To pluck those laurels which their arms had won,  
Some winged fate his mighty bosom tore,  
And low to earth the gallant Warrior bore.  
His friends with pity mark his parting breath,  
And pause suspended from the work of death.  
No more the vanquish'd in their scatter'd rear  
His well known voice, inspiring terrors, hear :  
Elate with joy the bleeding Chief they view,  
And the long labours of the day renew.

Now their defeated hopes the Britons mourn,  
And from their grasp the wreath of conquest torn ;  
'Till through the breaking squadrons Townshend flies,  
Revenge and fury sparkling in his eyes ;  
Fierce over slaughter'd heroes tow'rs along,  
Collects the war, and fires the yielding throng.

Meanwhile their Chief his sad associates laid  
Beneath the covert of a neighb'ring shade ;  
Thence, as the sanguine torrent ebb'd away,  
He strove the scene of tumult to survey ;  
Rous'd by the martial thunder of the field,  
By fits his dim expiring eyes unseal'd ;  
Then, sick'ning at the piercing blaze of light,  
Turn'd from the ranks of war his aching sight :  
Yet, fondly anxious for his country's fame,  
Long as the vital spirit feeds its flame,  
Oft he requires of each attending friend  
O'er the wide plain their careful view to send,

And mark if Gaul the conquering bands repell'd,  
 Or yet their flight the broken legions held.  
 " Sweet peace be thine," replied the warrior train,  
 " In this sad hour, and soften ev'ry pain ;  
 " For lo ! thy Townshend at his people's head  
 " Urges the rout, and conquers in thy stead,  
 " Resistless bids the tide of slaughter flow,  
 " Scatters their ranks, and lays their heroes low."  
 To whom the Chief ; " I die, since this is giv'n,  
 " Content, and ask no other boon of heav'n."  
 He could no more ; th' unfinish'd accents hung  
 In sounds imperfect on his falt'ring tongue ;  
 His mighty spirit fled, and mix'd with wind ;  
 Yet virtue left a conscious smile behind.

Nor longer now the bloody slaughter rag'd  
 With distant thunders ; man with man engag'd :  
 Those who from Caledonian hills descend,  
 Where tow'ring cliffs their rugged arms extend,

12 THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

(Stern fons of havoc, practis'd to obey  
 The various calls of ev'ry dreadful day ;  
 Now in close order and collected might  
 To wait the tumult of advancing fight ;  
 Now fearless the divided lines expand.  
 Ravage at large, and mingle hand to hand !)  
 With piercing cries the hostile files invade,  
 And shake aloft in air the massy blade :  
 Where'er their falchions heap the slaughter round,  
 Crowds roll'd on crowds besirew the loaded ground ;  
 While rushing to the front with equal speed,  
 Their brave companions of the war succeed.

With desp'rate anguish torn and glowing shame,  
 That ill successes blast his ancient fame,  
 Moncalm, in vain exerting ev'ry art,  
 Performs a leader's and a warrior's part :  
 But now no more his keen reproach controuls  
 The coward terrors that unman their souls ;



No sense of glory fires the vet'ran's breast,  
 With horror chill'd, and heav'n-bred awe deprest.  
 As, where his squadrons urg'd their course along,  
 Raging he travers'd the disorder'd throng,  
 Some British falchion sped the deathful wound,  
 And hew'd th' indignant chieftain to the ground ;  
 Wedg'd in the rout the gasping hero lay,  
 And with faint murmur figh'd his soul away.

To swifter flight the Gallic legions yield,  
 And trembling quit the long contested field ;  
 Part hasten to the stream whose waves contain  
 Th' extensive limits of the fatal plain ;  
 Part to the bulwarks, from whose lofty height  
 Their friends desponding view th' unequal fight.

Soon as the morrow's sun with genial ray  
 To the bleak climate gave returning day,  
 The victor's mercy Gallia's sons implore,  
 And trust the fickle chance of war no more ;

## 14 THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

Their ample gates unfold ; along the strand  
In silent sorrow moves the vanquish'd band ;  
While, flush'd with triumph, and of conquest vain,  
Pours tow'rd the captive walls the British train.

Thus from their toil the glorious heroes rest,  
And peaceful rapture swells in ev'ry breast ;  
Save that as oft the glowing tale they tell  
Of such as bravely fought, or greatly fell,  
WOLFE's early fate their pensive mind employs,  
And manly sorrows check their rising joys.

Illustrious shade ! if artless hands like mine  
Could for an hero's urn the chaplet twine,  
The Muse for thee should cull each op'ning bloom,  
And with unfading garlands deck thy tomb :  
For oh ! what youth, whose rev'rent feet are led  
To those sad mansions of the mighty dead,  
Where martial trophies in rich sculpture show  
The sacred ashes that repose below,

But, kindling at the view, for glory burns,  
As on thy name his sparkling eyes he turns ?  
Ages to come shall thy great story hear,  
And pay the pious tribute of a tear ;  
Thy wond'rous deeds shall vet'ran fires recite,  
Thy prudence in debate, thy toils in fight ;  
And ev'ry warrior to the tale reply,  
“ Be mine like him to conquer, and to die.”

MIDDLETON HOWARD,

WADHAM COLLEGE.



THE  
LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY,  
A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED  
IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,  
IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXI.

---

Εἰς δαυρὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι πρὸς πατρις. H. M.

Who fights his Country's battle,  
Does in his bosom feel a golden omen  
Of victory.



THE  
LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

---

YE souls illustrious, who in days of yore  
With peerless might the British target bore ;  
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car  
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war ;  
Who dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppose  
To Chalybéan steel and Roman foes :  
And ye of later age, though not less fame,  
In tilt and tournament, the princely game  
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardiest sport,  
To claim the fairest guerdon of the court ;  
Say, holy Shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood  
Roll through your faithful sons in nobler flood,

Than late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh  
 The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty ?  
 Say, when the high-born Druid's magic strain  
 Rous'd, on old Mona's top, a female train<sup>a</sup>  
 To madness, and with more than mortal rage  
 Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage ;  
 Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,  
 And took a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild despair ;  
 Or when, in Cretly's plain, the table might  
 Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight ;  
 Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat  
 In your big hearts with quicker transport beat  
 Than in your Sons, when forth like storms they pour'd,  
 In Freedom's cause, the fury of the sword ;  
 Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,  
 With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe who  
 bled ?

<sup>a</sup> Vide 'Αρχαία μελ. 55.



Poor is his triumph, and disgrace'd his name,  
 Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame :  
 For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,  
 Though Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,  
 Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,  
 Virtue difowns him, and his glories fade :  
 For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,  
 No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue :  
 Blood marks the path to his untimely bier ;  
 The curse of widows, and the orphan's tear,  
 Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his crimes :  
 The pious Muse, who, to succeeding times,  
 Unknowing flattery, and unknown to kings,  
 Fair Virtue only and her votaries sings,  
 Shall shew the *Monster* in his hideous form,  
 And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

Not so the patriot Chief, who dar'd withstand  
 The base invader of his native land ;

Who made her weal his noblest, only end ;  
 Rul'd, but to serve her ; fought, but to defend ;  
 " Her voice in council, and in war her sword ;  
 " Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd ;"  
 Who, firmly virtuous, and severely brave,  
 Sunk with the freedom that he could not save !  
 On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,  
 Reverses alike in triumph or defeat ;  
 Crowns with true glory, and with spotless fame,  
 And honours PAOLI's more than Cæsar's name.

Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-stain'd veil,  
 And shew the boldest son of public zeal :  
 Lo ! SYDNEY, pleading o'er the block ! his mien,  
 His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene :  
 Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,  
 To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd ;  
 No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,  
 Still death delaying, as afraid to die ;

But sternly silent down he bow'd, and prov'd  
 A calm, firm martyr to the cause he lov'd.  
 Unconquer'd patriot ! form'd by ancient lore  
 The love of ancient freedom to restore ;  
 Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,  
 And seal'd, by death, the lesson that he taught.

Dear is the tie, that links the anxious fire  
 To the fond babe that prattles round his fire ;  
 Dear is the love, that prompts the grateful youth  
 His sire's fond cares and drooping age to soothe :  
 Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife ;  
 Dear all the charities of social life :  
 Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind  
 In mutual sympathy the faithful mind :  
 But not th' endearing springs that fondly move  
 To filial duty, or parental love ;  
 Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,  
 Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,

24 THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY

Are half so dear, so potent to controul  
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,  
As is that holy voice, that cancels all  
These ties, that bids him for his country fall.

Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,  
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,  
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,  
Attendant only on the din of war ;  
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of Peace,  
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,  
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muse resort,  
Create in colours, or in sounds transport ;  
Where youths court science, or where sages teach ;  
Where statesmen plan, where mitred fathers preach ;  
More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,  
Than bear in pomp the spoil of battles home.

To read, with Newton's ken, the starry sky,  
And God the same in all his orbs descry ;

To lead forth Merit from her humble shade,  
Extend to rising Arts a patron's aid ;  
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous Law,  
That holds the freeborn soul in willing awe ;  
To swell the sail of Trade, the barren plain  
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain ;  
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,  
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye ;  
These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,  
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love ;  
These are the deeds that public Virtue owns,  
And, just to public virtue, Glory crowns.

CHRISTOPHER BUTSON,

NEW COLLEGE.



BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.



— quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
Possis, et magnam Morbi deponere partem.





BENEFICIAL EFFECTS  
OF  
INOCULATION.

---

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapless swains  
Their groves deserted, and uncultur'd plains :  
Those happy plains where Nature ever gay  
Proclaim'd the presence of perpetual May,  
Where, in her choicest treasures bright array'd,  
Luxuriant Nature ev'ry charm display'd,  
With giant strides a ghastly Plague<sup>a</sup> o'erspread,  
And breath'd destruction on each fated head ;  
His motley front uprear'd the deadly Pest,

<sup>a</sup> Small Pox.

And shook with savage pride his purpled crest :  
The scorching sands of Afric gave him birth,  
Thence sprang the Fiend, and scourg'd th' afflicted  
earth :

Fiend fierce as this ne'er saw astonish'd time  
Creep from old Nilus' monster-teeming slime ;  
Each vale now felt the deadly tyrant's force,  
Nor tears nor vows could stop his destin'd course :  
In vain was sung the mighty Prophet's name,  
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monster came ;  
E'en in the sacred temple's inmost cell,  
Check'd in mid pray'r, the pious pilgrim fell ;  
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withstand  
The baleful vengeance of his death-fraught hand.

Those balmy gales that whilom could dispense  
A thousand odours to the ravish'd sense,  
With fragrant coolness pleasing now no more,  
Spread through the tainted sky their deadly store :

With anxious fear the fainting mother press'd  
The smiling infant to her venom'd breast ;  
The smiling babe, unconscious of his fate,  
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat :  
Oft as the swain beneath the citron shade  
Pour'd his soft passion to the list'ning maid,  
Infection's poison hung on ev'ry breath,  
And each persuasive sigh was charg'd with death.

Blind Superstition with the Fiend conspir'd,  
Increas'd his conquests, and his fury fir'd ;  
“ My sons,” she cried, “ with patient boldness wait  
“ The fix'd predestin'd laws of rigid fate ;  
“ Nor Heav'n's just vengeance to oppose presume,  
“ But each with silent rev'rence meet his doom.”

Thus, drunk with conquest, larger still he grew,  
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew :  
Arm'd with the shafts of fate, in ireful mood  
He pass'd Euphrates' far-resounding flood ;

From Schiraz' walls to snow-clad Taurus' height  
Desponding Persia groan'd beneath his weight ;  
In vain to Heav'n her sacred flames ascend,  
On with resistless fury rush'd the Fiend ;  
In vain was Mithraz call'd his wrath to 'suage,  
The blazing God increas'd the Monster's rage.

As when his empire sultry Cancer gains  
The scorching whirlwinds scour along the plains,  
The stately tamarisk and graceful pine  
Shrink from the blast, and all their charms resign,  
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,  
The sick'ning orange bows her languid head ;  
So spread destruction at the Tyrant's nod,  
And beauty's blossom wither'd where he trod :  
The God of Love in silent anguish broke  
His blunted arrows and his useless yoke ;  
Aside for grief he flung his loosen'd bow,  
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.

Cloy'd with the luscious banquets of the East,  
In Europe's climes he fought a nobler feast ;  
Here as he rested on the sea-girt shore,  
To plan fresh conquests and new coasts explore,  
From ocean's waves he saw Britannia rise ;  
Her beauteous lustre struck his ravish'd eyes :  
Pleas'd with a smile he view'd those heav'nly spoils,  
The last, best guerdon of his savage toils.—  
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monster's way,  
Sad was the scene, for beauty was the prey.

Remorseless Tyrant ! see that alter'd face,  
Which beam'd erewhile with each celestial grace,  
With gloomy frowns and furrow'd seams o'erspread,  
And ev'ry smile and ev'ry charm is fled !  
Those beauteous eyes, whose soul-dissolving fires  
Rais'd in th' enraptur'd swain love's soft desires,  
Now he beholds obscur'd in putrid night,  
And turns with deep-felt horror from the sight.

From bleak Plinlimmon's star-encircled brow  
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe ;  
Her sea-green robes she tore and faded crown,  
And cast in rage her oaken sceptre down ;  
" Are these the blest and envied plains," she cried,  
" Where Mirth and Pleasure ever young reside ?  
" Hush'd are those sounds that warbled through the  
    " grove

" The artless strains of Liberty and Love,  
" Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild despair,  
" Which fill with piercing shrieks th' affrighted air !  
" Ah ! luckless isle ! to whom too-bounteous Heav'n  
" Its sweetest stores and choicest boon has giv'n,  
" Which, like the blushing violet's rich perfume,  
" But tempt some ruffian hand to spoil their bloom."

Thus in soft strains complain'd the forrowing queen,  
And view'd with tear-swoln eyes the mournful scene ;  
When, pierc'd with grief at sad Britannia's woes,

Her country's guardian Montague<sup>b</sup> arose :  
Pure patriot zeal her ev'ry thought inspir'd,  
Glow'd on her cheek, and all her bosom fir'd.  
She saw the Tyrant rage without controul,  
While just revenge inflam'd her gen'rous soul ;  
Full well she knew, when beauty's charms decay'd,  
Britannia's drooping laurels soon would fade :  
Pierc'd with deep anguish at th' afflictive thought,  
And whelm'd with shame, a heav'n-taught nymph<sup>c</sup>  
    she fought,  
Whose potent arm, with wondrous power endu'd,  
Had oft on Turkey's plains the Fiend subdu'd.  
Obedient to her pray'r the willing Maid  
In pity came to sad Britannia's aid :  
" Weep not," she cried, "'tis mine with soothing  
    " balm  
" The Fiend to soften, and his fury calm ;

<sup>b</sup> Lady M. Wortley Montague.<sup>c</sup> Inoculation.

“ See ! where I fly the dreaded foe to meet,  
“ And lay the vanquish’d Tyrant at my feet :  
“ Soon shall his wings the bird of peace expand,  
“ And joys long lost shall bless the smiling land ;  
“ Again shall Health and Mirth united rove,  
“ Again shall Beauty light the torch of Love.”

She spake, and quickly through the yielding air  
Swift as a meteor shot the lovely Fair ;  
Through the sad plains her friendly course she sped,  
Then fraught with mighty pow’r her arm outspread,  
And thrice she wav’d it o’er the Monster’s head :  
He felt its force ; and, struck with sudden fear,  
Feeble he halted in his fierce career,  
With haggard eye the virgin form survey’d,  
And in mid air his lifted sabre stay’d ;  
Weak and more weak the conscious Demon grew,  
His tow’ring bulk contracted to the view.—  
Thus as of old in Merlin’s magic reign,



When mighty Paynims ravag'd ev'ry plain,  
Haply subdu'd by some superior charm,  
The pond'rous club forsook their weaken'd arm ;  
Through their chill'd veins a shiv'ring horror ran,  
And the stern giant shrunk into the man.

“ Henceforth, fall'n Tyrant !” cries the Nymph ;

“ no more

“ Hope that just Heav'n will thy lost pow'r restore ;

“ Let now no more thy touch profane defile

“ The sacred beauties of Britannia's isle :

“ By me protected shall they now deride

“ Thy baffled fury and thy vanquish'd pride ;

“ Sacred to me, near Thames's level mead,

“ A beauteous Temple<sup>d</sup> rears its rev'rend head ;

“ There meek Benevolence before the gate,

“ And soft-ey'd Pity, lovely sisters, wait ;

“ With open arms the sacred virgins stand,

<sup>d</sup> Small Pox Hospital.

“ To shield the victim from thy ruthless hand.  
“ Fly then, curs'd Exile ! to some desert coast,  
“ There wail thine honours, and thine empire lost ;  
“ For now, secur'd by ev'ry power divine,  
“ Britannia mistress of the world shall thine,  
“ With joy and victory for ever crown'd,  
“ Alike for beauty, as for arms renown'd.”

WILLIAM LIPSCOMB,

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

THE  
ABORIGINAL BRITONS,  
A PRIZE POEM,  
RECITED  
IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,  
IN THE YEAR MDCCXCI.

---

— Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis  
Durius. LUCRET.

— Quæ  
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. HOR.



## SUBJECT.

*On the State of the Aboriginal Britons previous  
to the Refinements introduced by the Romans.*

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## THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the first Navigators of the South Seas.—Wild state of the country—contrasted with Italy as improved by culture.—Aoriginal Britons considered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—considered as to their national character—Their domestic state—promiscuous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—Description of a day in time of peace, including the most striking circumstances of their domestic œconomy—Their wars—fondness for war—internal dissensions and their consequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory.—Religion—the objects which give rise to natural religion.—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human sacrifices—Bards—Doctrines—Transmigration and immortality of the soul, and its effects—Characteristics of liberty in the savage state of this island—its extinction in the early stages of our monarchy—its revival and influence in the present civilized state of manners, as producing public security, giving rise to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.



THE  
ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

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YE sons of Albion, who with venturous sails  
In unknown oceans caught Antarctic gales ;  
Dar'd with bold prow the boisterous main explore,  
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before ;  
Saw stars unnam'd illumine other skies,  
Which ne'er had shone on European eyes ;  
View'd on the coast the wondering savage stand,  
Uncouth, and fresh from his Creator's hand ;  
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,  
Bore a rough semblance of primeval man :—

A form like this, illustrious souls, of yore  
Your own Britannia's sea-girt island wore :

Ere Danish lances blush'd with Ælla's blood ;  
 Or blue-ey'd Saxons fail'd on Medway's flood ;  
 Or Dover's towering cliff from high defcried  
 Cæsar's bold barks, which stemm'd a deep untried.

Through fleecy clouds the balmy spring-tide smil'd ;  
 But all its sweets were waſted on a wild ;  
 In vain mild Autumn thone with mellowing gleam ;  
 No bending fruitage bluth'd beneath its beam.  
 Rudely o'erſpread with ſhadowy forests lay  
 Wide trackleſs waſtes, that never ſaw the day :  
 Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,  
 Frown'd rough and ſhaggy with the tangled thorn :  
 Through joyleſs heaths, and valleys dark with woods,  
 Majeſtic rivers roll'd their uſeleſs floods :  
 Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,  
 Dreading the latent bog and green morafs :  
 While, like a blaſting mildew, wide were ſpread  
 Blue thickening miſts in ſtagnant marſhes bred.



O'er scenes thus wild adventurous Cæsar fray'd,  
And joyless view'd the conquests he had made ;  
And blest'd Italia's happier plains and skies,  
Through purest air where yellow olives rise ;  
From elm to elm where stretching tendrils twine,  
Bending with clusters of the purple vine :  
While, spread o'er sunny hill and verdant wood,  
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home  
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.  
Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,  
By untam'd nature cast in giant-mould.  
O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely flung  
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.  
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,  
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore :  
His scarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around  
Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,

Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran  
 Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.  
 His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart  
 A direful image of his ruthless heart ;  
 Where war and human bloodshed brooding lie,  
 Like thunders lowering in a gloomy sky.

But you, illustrious Pair Ones \*, wont to brave  
 Helvelli's storms, and sport in Darwent's wave,  
 To your high worth submit the savage flood,  
 As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.  
 He made no rubied lip nor sparkling eye  
 The shrine and god of his idolatry ;

\* Inesse enim sanctum quid et providum feminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. "Απαστις γαρ τῆς δεισιδαιμονίας αρχηγὺς εἶναι τὰς γυναῖκας. Strabo lib. vii. What is said of the ancient German women is applied by Mr. Mafon, and our early historians, to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which they filled in the government, so unusual in the savage state, fully justify this application.

But, proudly bending to a just controul,  
Bow'd in obeisance to the female soul ;  
And deem'd, some effluence of th' Omniscient mind  
In woman's beauteous image lay enshrin'd ;  
With inspiration on her bosom hung,  
And flow'd in heav'nly wisdom from her tongue.  
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown she wore ;  
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore ;  
Rul'd the triumphant car ; and rank'd in fame  
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard th' impassion'd youth  
Breathe his warm vows, and swear eternal truth :  
No fire, encircled by a blooming race,  
View'd his own features in his infant's face :  
The savage knew not wedlock's chaster rite <sup>b</sup> ;

<sup>b</sup> Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes.

Si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt, Cæsar de Bello Gallico.

The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light ;  
As passion fir'd, the lawless pair were blest'd ;  
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breast.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,  
When lost in western waves Britannia lay.  
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,  
Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other shores.  
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their skies,  
Mid the wide world of waters set and rise,  
They vainly deem'd the twinkling orbs of light  
For them alone illum'd the vault of night ;  
For them alone the golden lamp of day  
Held its bright progress through the heav'n's high  
way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead  
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his sylvan bed,  
Up the light Briton sprung—to chase the deer  
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.

Languid at noon his fainting limbs he cast  
On the warm bank, and sought his coarse repast.  
With acorns, shaken from the neighbouring oak,  
Or sapless bark <sup>c</sup>, that from the trunk he broke,  
His meal he made ; and in the cavern'd dell  
Drank the hoarse wave, that down the rough rocks  
fell.

At eve, retracing slow his morning road,  
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.  
No city rose with spires and turrets crown'd ;  
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd :  
But plain and simple, in the shadowy wood,  
The shapeless, rude-constructed hamlets stood :  
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound arose,  
To guard the sylvan town from beasts and foes.  
The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn shade,

<sup>c</sup> Dio Nicæus says, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

With cheerful blaze illum'd the darksome glade.  
Oftimes beneath the sheltering oak was spread  
With leaves and spoils of beasts the rustic bed :  
In open sky he refts his head, and fees  
The ftars, that twinkle through the waving trees.  
On his bare breast the chilling dews defcend ;  
His yellow locks the midnight tempefts rend ;  
Around, the empty wolf in hunger prowls,  
And fhakes the lonely foreft with his howls :  
Yet health and toil weigh down the fenfe, and fleep  
His wearied aching limbs in balmy fleep ;  
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,  
And flowly gains upon the mid-wood fhades.

But ah ! unwelcome rofe the peaceful morn  
On Albion's fons, for war and glory born.

Lo ! how Britannia's woods and hills refound  
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around !  
War is their fport : at day-fpring forth they go,

With spear and shield, and find or make a foe ;  
Join the wild fight ; and with the setting sun  
Bear home their plunder ; and the war is done.  
'Twixt bordering tribes eternal discords reign'd ;  
Not foreign foes these native feuds restrain'd ;  
Else nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,  
And, rest of freedom, nobly wooing death,  
Had Albion's warlike states united pour'd  
The godlike vengeance of the patriot sword ;  
Julius <sup>d</sup> had steer'd with daring helm in vain  
To isles embosom'd in th' Atlantic main ;  
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,  
Had spread her pinions in our northern sky.

Furious as mountain-beasts, the tribes engage,  
With yells, and clanging arms <sup>e</sup>, and frantic rage.

<sup>d</sup> Vide Tacitus.

<sup>e</sup> Their arms are a shield and short spear, in the lower end whereof is a piece of brass, like an apple, that by shaking it

Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,  
Mounted, like Fate, upon his scythed car !  
Resistless scours the plain, and bursts the files,  
As mad Tornadoes sweep the Indian isles ;  
The scythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,  
Yet quick, and writhing ghastly with the wound :  
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour  
Th' empurpled smoking streams of human gore :  
While high in air the sighs and shrieks and groans  
Ascend, one direful peal of mortal moans.  
Pale, panic-struck, and fix'd as in a trance,  
The Romans stood, and dropp'd the useless lance :  
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd  
Beyond the confines of the mortal world ;  
And more than men, horrific in their might,  
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's *Britannia*, taken from  
Dio Niceus, out of Xiphilin's *Epitome*.



Thus fought Britannia's sons ;— but when o'er-  
thrown,

More keen and fierce the flame of freedom shone.  
Ye woods, whose cold and lengthen'd tracts of shade  
Rose on the day when sun and stars were made ;  
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow  
Tumble your flood, and shake the vale below ;  
Majestic Skiddaw, round whose trackless steep  
Mid the bright sunshine darksome tempests sweep :  
To you the patriot fled ; his native land  
He spurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand ;  
In you to roam at large ; to lay his head  
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed :  
Hid in the aguish fen<sup>f</sup> whole days to rest,  
The numbing waters gather'd round his breast ;

<sup>f</sup> Many ancient writers assert, that the Britons in their retreat would hide themselves in the bogs up to their chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c.

To see Despondence cloud each rising morn,  
And dark Despair hang o'er the years unborn :  
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,  
And drain the luscious dregs of liberty ;  
Outcast of nature, fainting, wasted, wan,  
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.

But \* when with conquest crown'd, he taught his  
foes,

What free-born man on free-born man bestows.  
He, in the pride and insolence of war,  
Ne'er bound th' indignant captive to his car ;  
Nor with ignoble toils or servile chains  
Debas'd the blood that swells the hero's veins ;  
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold  
The soul that animates the human mould :

\* For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a speech of Caractacus in Mr. Mason's Tragedy.

But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown ;  
Disdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan ;  
Gave him to die ; and by the generous blow  
Restor'd that freedom he had lost below.

For simple nature taught his soul to rise  
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the skies.

Though to his view th' Almighty voice had ne'er  
Stay'd the proud sun amid his bright career ;  
Pour'd from the flinty rock the crystal stream ;  
Or shed on sightless eyes the gladsome beam ;  
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,  
And ope an highway through the pathless tide ;  
Or stiffen'd corsets, cold and pale in death,  
Blush with new life, and heave again with breath !  
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God  
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode :  
He saw him beaming in the silver moon,  
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,

On the dark bosom of the storm reclin'd,  
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,  
And, mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,  
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superstition sprung in elder time,  
Wild as the soil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midst rocks and wastes the Grove tremendous rose :  
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repose  
A twilight pale ; like the dim sickly noon,  
When the mid-sun retires behind the moon.  
From sounding caverns rush'd the darksome flood ;  
Each antique trunk was stain'd with human blood.  
'Twas sung, that birds in terror fled the shade<sup>b</sup> ;  
That lightnings harmless round the branches play'd ;  
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak  
Shook with the spirit of the God, and spoke.  
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,

<sup>b</sup> Vide Lucan's description of a Druid's Grove, b. iii.

And dropp'd th' imperial Eagle from his hand ;  
And seem'd, while shuddering borne through Mona's  
wood,

To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

What direful rites these gloomy haunts disgrace,  
Bane of the mind, and shame of man's high race !

'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,

The mystic figures, and the muttering band,

Held o'er all nature's works as powerful sway,

As the great Lord and Maker of the day.

Rocks, by infernal spells and magic prayer,

Shook from their base, and trembled high in air :

The blasted stars their fading light withdrew ;

The labouring moon shed down a baleful dew ;

Spirits of hell aerial dances led ;

And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.

Imperial Man, creation's lord and pride,

To crown the sacrificial horrors, died ;

That Hesus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,  
Might flesh their swords, and glut their scythes with  
blood ;

And Taranis, amidst his tempests, smile,  
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their isle.

By rites thus dread the Druid Priests impress'd  
A sacred horror on the savage breast.

Hail, heav'n-born Seers, whose magic fingers strung  
The Cambrian lyre ; who Lochrine's triumphs sung  
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,  
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves ;  
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,  
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.  
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic streams,  
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams <sup>1</sup>,  
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghost,

<sup>1</sup> For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Maton's *Caractacus*.

Whose cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coast.  
Ye sung the courses of the wandering moon ;  
The sun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon ;  
The stars unerring in their glittering spheres ;  
The sure procession of the circling years ;  
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,  
And hold celestial synods in the sky.  
When hostile nations met with barbarous clang,  
And the wild heath with yelling squadrons rang ;  
When beams of light from ferried lances stream'd,  
And vivid flashes o'er the high heav'ns gleam'd ;  
Fir'd by your magic songs, the Briton pour'd  
A tenfold fury ; dar'd th' uplifted sword ;  
Envy'd the shades of chiefs in battle slain ;  
And burn'd to join them on th' ethereal plain.  
For warrior-souls, ye sung, would deathless bloom,  
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb ;  
From the pale stiff'ning corse wing their flight,

And rise in kindred mould to life and light ;  
Again in arms fill the dire yell of war ;  
Again to havoc drive the scythed car ;  
Till earth and air and seas should sink in flame,  
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame :  
When, amidst blazing orbs, the warrior-soul,  
Borne through the milky way and starry pole,  
Would painless tenant through eternal years  
Mansions of purest bliss in brighter spheres :  
In martial sports engage its kindred shades,  
Tame the wild steeds, and brandish gleaming blades :  
Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breast on fire,  
Lift the heroic strains of Cadwall's lyre ;  
In Mador's verse renew its mortal toils ;  
And thine through Hoel's songs in hostile spoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midst northern snows,  
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM rose.  
She roam'd the sounding margin of the deep,



Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy steep :  
A bloody wolf-skin o'er her back was spread ;  
An axe she bore ; and wild weeds grac'd her head <sup>k</sup>.  
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd, she watch'd on high  
The tempest-driven clouds, that cross'd the sky ;  
Or caught with listening ear the sounding gale,  
When the dread war-song shook the distant dale.  
At battle's close she roam'd th' ensanguin'd plain,  
And gaz'd the threatening aspects of the slain.  
Now from ignoble sloth she rarely rose,  
For savage Freedom sinks to mute repose ;  
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers,  
Gave up the torpid sense and listless hours ;  
Now joyful saw the naked sword display'd,  
Tho' brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.  
By tyrants sunk she rose more proudly great,  
As ocean swells indignant in the strait ;

<sup>k</sup> Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak<sup>1</sup>,  
Rais'd virtue's generous blush on Cæsar's cheek.

But ah ! full many a dark and stormy year  
She dropp'd o'er Albion's isle the patriot tear.  
Retir'd to mountains, from the craggy dell  
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell :  
Sad to her view the baron's castle frown'd  
Bold from the steep, and aw'd the plains around :  
She sorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,  
And mourn'd th' ignoble bondage of the soul :  
She blush'd, O Cromwell, blush'd at Charles's doom ;  
And wept, misguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.

But now reviv'd, she boasts a purer cause,  
Refin'd by science, form'd by generous laws ;  
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,  
Nor sounds her clarion, but at honour's call :

<sup>1</sup> Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.

Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,  
Exalting worth, and beaming safety round :  
With secret joy and conscious pride admires  
The patriot spirit, which herself inspires ;  
Sees barren wastes with unknown fruitage bloom ;  
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom ;  
Sees Science rove through academic bowers ;  
And peopled cities lift their spiry towers :  
Trade swells her sails, wherever ocean rolls,  
Glow's at the line, and freezes at the poles :  
While thro' unwater'd plains and wondering meads  
Waves not its own th' obedient river leads.

But chief the godlike Mind, which bears imprefs'd  
Its Maker's glorious image full confess'd ;  
Noblest of works created ; more divine  
Than all the starry worlds that nightly shine ;  
Form'd to live on, unconscious of decay,  
When the wide universe shall melt away :

The Mind, which, hid in savage breasts of yore,  
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an useless ore,  
Now greatly dares sublimest aims to scan ;  
Enriches science, and ennobles man ;  
Unveils the semblance, which its God bestow'd,  
And draws more near the fount, from whence it  
flow'd.

GEORGE RICHARDS, B. A.

ORIEL COLLEGE.

P A L E S T I N E,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.



## SYNOPSIS.

**LAMENTATION** over the miseries of Palestine—The guardian angels of the land invoked—Subject proposed—Present appearance of the country, with its present inhabitants geographically described, beginning from the north—The Druses, from their situation and importance, first noticed—Contrast between the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—their degraded state of banishment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interpositions of old—Their former greatness—David—Solomon—His splendour—Popular superstitions respecting him—Improved state of the arts among the Jews—Their Temple—Firmness of the Jews under misfortunes—derived principally from their hopes of the Messiah—His advent—miracles—crucifixion—Consequent punishment of the Jews, in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and total desolation of the country—Scenes of Christ's sufferings, however, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empress Helena—Crusades—Nations which embarked in them described—English heroism—Edward the First—Richard Cœur de Lion—Palestine still the scene of British valour—Acre—Conclusion.





## PALESTINE.

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REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !  
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,  
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?  
While fens unblest their angry lustre fling,  
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—  
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd ?  
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd ?  
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;  
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait ;  
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,  
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :

But lawless Might, and meagre Want is there,  
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,  
 While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,  
 Folds his dank wing<sup>a</sup> beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints ! ye warrior sons of heaven<sup>b</sup>,  
 To whose high care Judæa's state was given !  
 O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,  
 A host of gods, on Sion's towery sleep<sup>c</sup> !  
 If e'er your secret footsteps linger still  
 By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,  
 If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,  
 And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well ;

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. “*κνώσ-  
 “ σαι ὑπὸ νύκτι ἀίοντι.*”

<sup>b</sup> Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Hudf. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

<sup>c</sup> It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. “The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the  
 “hill of Bashan.”

(For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale  
Mysterious harpings<sup>d</sup> swell the midnight gale,  
And, blest as balmy dew's that Hermon cheer,  
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's car;)   
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high  
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!  
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire  
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,  
Then should my Muse<sup>e</sup> ascend with bolder flight,  
And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,  
Delight of men below, and saints above!  
Tho', Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand  
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;  
Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the forms of fate,

<sup>d</sup> See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

<sup>e</sup> Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;  
Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,  
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;  
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view  
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :  
And as the seer <sup>f</sup> on Pisgah's topmost brow  
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,  
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,  
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;  
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,  
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's <sup>g</sup> tide ;  
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,  
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's <sup>g</sup> rill ;  
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,  
The robber riots, or the hermit prays <sup>h</sup> ;

<sup>f</sup> Moses.

<sup>g</sup> Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

<sup>h</sup> The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are

Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,  
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,  
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses <sup>i</sup> hold ;  
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,  
Their lion courage proves their generous race.  
They, only they, while all around them kneel  
In fullen homage to the Thracian steel,  
Teach their pale despot's waning moon <sup>k</sup> to fear  
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,

generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, *passim*.

<sup>i</sup> The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting.

<sup>k</sup> "The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones's 1st Discourse to the Asiatic Society.

The native guard of feeble Palestine,  
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,  
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !  
What tho' no more for you the conscious gale  
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;  
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold  
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold<sup>1</sup> ;  
Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave  
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;  
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment blest,  
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.  
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;  
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows<sup>m</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

<sup>m</sup> In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,  
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,  
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,  
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,  
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,  
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :  
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,  
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.  
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,  
Arabia's parent<sup>n</sup>, clasp'd her fainting child,  
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,  
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :  
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,  
And southward throws her half-averted sight.  
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,

<sup>n</sup> Hagar.

A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes :  
 See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,  
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !  
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains <sup>o</sup> shine,  
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine <sup>p</sup> !  
 'Tis your's the boast to mark the stranger's way,  
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,  
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,  
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;  
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye <sup>q</sup>  
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.  
 Such now the clans, whose fiery couriers feed  
 Where waves on Kithon's bank the whispering reed ;  
 And their's the foil, where, curling to the skies,

The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

<sup>p</sup> See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

<sup>q</sup> "Thine eye shall not spare them."



Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice <sup>r</sup>.  
While Israel's fons, by scorpion curses driven,  
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,  
Through the wide world in hopeless exile stray,  
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,  
In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,  
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,  
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd !  
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,  
And reflux Jordan fought his trembling source \* ;  
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,  
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—  
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,  
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !

<sup>r</sup> A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

\* Psalm cxiv.

Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,  
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.  
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign  
From far Euphrates to the western main ?  
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,  
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?  
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,  
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !

Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !  
Not such their hope, when through the parted  
main

The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :  
Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night  
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :  
Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,  
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car :  
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,

In rude array, the harness'd Amorite<sup>t</sup> :  
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,  
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;  
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,  
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,  
And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious height :  
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,  
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd :)  
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite  
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite ?—  
Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,  
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire<sup>u</sup>.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,  
And such the glories of their infant state.  
—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?

<sup>t</sup> Josh. x.

<sup>u</sup> Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?  
No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,  
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;  
By him, the chief to farthest India known,  
The mighty master<sup>x</sup> of the ivory throne ;  
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,  
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :  
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,  
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.  
—And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind  
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd<sup>y</sup> ;  
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,

<sup>x</sup> Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

<sup>y</sup> The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;  
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—  
The powerful figill and the starry spell ;  
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,  
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.  
Hence all his might ; for, who could these oppose ?  
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose <sup>z</sup>.  
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,  
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.  
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,  
There oft the houseless Santon <sup>a</sup> rests reclin'd ;

<sup>z</sup> Palmyra was really built by Solomon, and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar, an immense pile of ruinous building, near the Euphrates, is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek.

<sup>a</sup> It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or old ruins.

Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering  
ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,  
Still found Arabia's legendary lays ;  
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell  
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel !

For thee his ivory load Behemoth<sup>b</sup> bore,  
And far Sofala<sup>c</sup> teem'd with golden ore ;  
Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,  
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.  
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,  
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;  
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,  
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone ;

<sup>b</sup> Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

<sup>c</sup> An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,  
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.  
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state  
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.  
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung<sup>d</sup>;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,  
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;  
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,  
Ey'd the descending flame, and blest'd the present  
God<sup>e</sup>.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,  
Beat o'er her foul the billows of the proud.

<sup>d</sup> “There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.” 1 Kings vi. 7.

<sup>e</sup> “And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped.” 2 Chron. vii. 3.

E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery fand,  
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land ;  
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,  
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears ;—  
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,  
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return :  
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,  
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,  
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,  
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.  
His promis'd aid could every fear controul ;  
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's  
soul !

Nor vain their hope :—bright beaming through  
the sky,  
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high ;  
Earth's utinost isles exulted at the sight,  
And crowding nations drank the orient light.



Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,  
And bending Magi seek their infant king !  
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,  
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?  
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !  
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice !  
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,  
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;  
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,  
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :  
Messiah comes :—let furious discord cease ;  
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace !  
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,  
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul ;  
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,  
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !  
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red !

Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,  
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!  
Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?  
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?  
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye  
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?  
— Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,  
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,  
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,  
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—  
Weep for your country, for your children weep!  
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;  
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.  
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,  
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.  
Then Judah rag'd, belov'd of heaven no more,  
With steamy carnage drunk and social gore:

He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,  
And war without, and death within the wall.  
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,  
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there :  
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,  
And the pale parent drank her children's gore <sup>f</sup>.  
Yet they, who wont to roam th' enfanguin'd plain,  
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain ;  
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,  
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,  
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,  
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,  
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd ;  
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,  
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade :

<sup>f</sup> Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Hudf.

Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,  
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom !  
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome :  
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,  
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride ;  
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel  
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;  
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the fultry mine,  
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,  
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost :  
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,

▪ I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity ; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are surely more excusable than the barbarities which this man, with the smile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philosophy on his tongue, exercised against a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.  
Yet midft her towery faucs, in ruin laid,  
The pilgrim faint his murmuring vespers paid ;  
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;  
'Twas his to bend beneath the facred gloom,  
And wear with many a kiss Mefiah's tomb :  
While forms celeftial fill'd his tranced eye,  
The day-light dreams of penfive piety,  
O'er his ftill breast a tearful fervour ftole,  
And fofter forrows charm'd the mourner's foul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artlefs zeal ?  
Too proud to worfhip, and too wife to feel ?  
Be his the foul with wintry Reason bleft,  
The dull, lethargic fovercign of the breast !  
Be his the life that creeps in dead repofe,  
No joy that fparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine <sup>h</sup>,  
 And bade the rock with Parian marble shine <sup>i</sup>.  
 Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,  
 Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.  
 There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,  
 And all the bounties of the British queen <sup>k</sup>;  
 There barbarous kings their scandal'd nations led,  
 And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.  
 There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,  
 And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's <sup>l</sup> sword,  
 When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,  
 And bent appall'd before the Bactrian <sup>l</sup> bow;  
 From the moist regions of the western star

<sup>h</sup> The Temple of the Sepulchre.

<sup>i</sup> See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

<sup>k</sup> St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

<sup>l</sup> The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

The wandering hermit <sup>m</sup> wak'd the storm of war.  
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,  
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :  
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,  
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;  
While beardless youths and tender maids <sup>n</sup> assume  
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

<sup>m</sup> Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers ; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation ; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power ; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

<sup>n</sup> See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. Introduction.

In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield  
 The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,  
 And start to see their armour's iron gleam  
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's ° stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,  
 All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran :  
 Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,  
 And hovering vultures inuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers nor the host so dread  
 By northern Brenn p, or Scythian Timur p led,  
 Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore  
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore !  
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien ad-  
 vance q,

° Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

p Brennus, and Tamerlane.

q The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army ; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur



Form the long line <sup>r</sup>, and shake the cornel lance ;  
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand  
Aufonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ;  
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,  
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;  
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,  
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—  
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,  
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous  
blade !

Ye fainted spirits of the warrior dead,  
Whose giant force Britannia's <sup>s</sup> armies led !

de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

<sup>r</sup> The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics ; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créci were drawn up thirty deep.

<sup>s</sup> All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglefi sagittarii ed hanno

Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,  
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;  
 Lords of the biting axe † and beamy spear,  
 Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !  
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,  
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !  
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,  
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,  
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,  
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,  
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,

Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,  
 Questi da l' alte selve irfuti manda  
 La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, *Gerusal.* Lib. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

† The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's *Hist. of Anc. Poetry*.

Th' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore  
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;  
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,  
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway ;  
What hero then triumphant Gaul disinay'd ?  
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade ?  
Britannia's champion !—bath'd in hostile blood,  
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood :  
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—  
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.  
Oh day of death ! Oh thirst, beyond controul,  
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's foul !  
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,  
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;  
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,  
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.  
While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower  
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,  
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.  
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,  
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.  
Yet shall she rise ;—but not by war restor'd,  
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.  
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid  
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made ;  
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,  
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.  
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring<sup>u</sup>,  
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing !  
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,  
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;

<sup>u</sup> “ I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of  
“ the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of sa-  
“ mine among the heathen ”—“ And they shall say, ‘ This land  
“ that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden,’ &c.  
Ezek. xxxvi.

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,  
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.  
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,  
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand ;  
Courts the bright vision of descending power <sup>x</sup>,  
Tells every gate, and measures every tower <sup>y</sup> ;  
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain  
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form <sup>z</sup>,  
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm ?  
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,  
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.  
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,  
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;

<sup>x</sup> " That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of  
" heaven from God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.

<sup>y</sup> Ezekiel xl.

<sup>z</sup> Rev. x.

And hark ! his voice amid the thunder's roar,  
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,  
Lo ! thrones are set, and every faint is there <sup>a</sup>;  
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,  
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;  
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;—  
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light <sup>b</sup> ;  
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,  
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?  
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,  
And the dry bone be warm with life again <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Rev. xx.

<sup>b</sup> “ And I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.” Rev. xxi. 22.

<sup>c</sup> “ Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.”—  
—“ Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel.” Ezek. xxxvii.

Hark ! white-rob'd crowds their deep hofannas raife,  
And the hoarfe flood repeats the found of praife ;  
Ten thoufand harps attune the myftic fong,  
Ten thoufand thoufand faints the strain prolong ;—  
“Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to fave,  
“Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave !”

REGINALD HEBER,  
BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE.





A  
RECOMMENDATION OF THE STUDY  
OF THE REMAINS OF  
ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN  
ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE,  
AND  
PAINTING ;  
*A PRIZE POEM,*  
RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,  
IN THE YEAR MDCCCVI.



A

RECOMMENDATION OF THE STUDY

OF THE REMAINS OF

ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE,

AND

PAINTING.

---

[This Composition was originally restricted to fifty lines;—a few relative to Painting have since been added.]

---

THOUGH oft in Britain's isle the breathing bust  
To fame consign the patriot-hero's dust,  
And conquerors wak'd to mimic life again  
In imag'd triumph thunder o'er the main;  
Though speaks each mould by Flaxman's genius  
wrought,  
The glow of fancy, or the stretch of thought;

And grace obeys fair Dancer's soft controul  
 Through many a varied lineament of soul ;  
 Yet, oh ! unlike each nobler Grecian form,  
 With strength majestic or with beauty warm,  
 Where all her mingling charms Expression pour'd,  
 Admir'd by Valour, or by Love ador'd !

Lo ! where retiring Venus shuns the eye,  
 And beauty vies with bashful majesty !  
 There mortal charms in loveliest union shine,  
 And all the Goddess crowns the bright design.  
 Thou, too, half-hid beneath thy dripping veil  
 Of many a moisten'd tress, Urania, hail !  
 To thee that dubious mien the sculptor gave,  
 Fearing the shore, though shrinking from the wave.  
 Or see, where, graceful bending o'er his bow,  
 The quiver'd God's exulting features glow,  
 As, trusting to his arm's unerring night,  
 His look pursues the distant arrow's flight.

But shut, oh ! shut the eye, where mid yon fold  
 Of crested snakes Laocoon writhes enroll'd,  
 And drinks with tortur'd ear his children's cries,  
 Embittering death's convulsive agonies !

Rise, slumbering Genius, and with throbbing heart  
 Adore these trophies of unrivall'd art ;  
 Till each fine grace that gifted Masters knew  
 In fairy vision floating o'er thy view,  
 Perfection crown once more the living stone,  
 And Britain claim a Phidias of her own.

Not such the hopes that bless th' enthusiast's dream,  
 While sad it wanders o'er each faded gleam,  
 That dimly shews to Painting's Muse was given  
 The sevenfold radiance of refulgent heaven,  
 When Genius stole the colours of the sun,  
 And pour'd them o'er the wreath that Valour won !

Then turn the eye, where, spurning time's controul,  
 Art stamps on stone the triumphs of the soul :

With trembling awe survey each hallow'd fane  
 Ennobling Greece mid Desolation's reign ;  
 Each pillar'd portico and swelling dome,  
 Proud o'er the prostrate majesty of Rome !  
 While o'er the scene each mould'ring temple throws,  
 Sacred to genius, undisturb'd repose ;  
 Thro' twilight's doubtful gloom his eye shall trace  
 The column's height enwreath'd with clust'ring grace ;  
 The light-arch'd roof, the portal stretching-wide,  
 Triumphal monuments in armed pride ;  
 Till bold conceptions bursting on his heart,  
 His skill shall grasp the inmost soul of art ;  
 And Fame's green idle her cloud-capt towers display,  
 Where grace and grandeur rule with equal sway.

JOHN WILSON,  
 MAGDALEN COLLEGE.